

THE LADY'S  
WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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New-York....Saturday, April 23....1808.

STERNE'S LA FLEUR.

(Concluded from page 391)

NUMBER IV.

God is my record, there is no nation under heaven where there is more wit and variety of character to feed the mind with, than in England.

STERNE.

With this maxim, the result of experimental proof, did Sterne choose to deter the locomotive folly of his countrymen.

Where a hoard of grief presses upon the heart, which stagnation may root, and exercise possibly dissipate, the sooner a man puts himself in motion, and the swifter his speed, the better. Whether such were Sterne's necessities, I know not; but he passed through much of Italy *a la hâte*.

Turin indeed detained him six weeks. He then visited Milan, Modena, and Bologna, passing only a few days at each.

Florence seduced him by her world of wonders—he saw and remarked upon every thing worthy a traveller's notice—his stay here was a week.

To Sienna he went with a view

odd enough——Listen, O ye *Virtuosi*, ye *Dilletanti*, ye *Cognoscenti*, you who feast upon petrification and pavement, medals and music, to the purpose for which Sterne stayed eight days at Sienna. He was not indeed of your kidney.

The women alone, and worthily, drew him thither. They are the most beautiful of the Italian dames. He indulged himself in the delightful contemplation of the varieties and shades as it were, of soul, discriminating the prominent features, perfect oval, and intellectual eye, of the most expressive countenances under heaven.

You also are employed—about what?

At Rome he had particular attentions paid him. The Pope honored him with several unreserved conferences, and graciously permitted the graves, extreme curiosities, to be opened for his researches. This, it must be noted, is a particular favour.

Sterne used to pass, while at Rome where he stayed four months, much of his time in the delightful gardens of the *Villa Medici*; there he was accustomed daily to stroll, and either read or ruminat undis-

g. J. Scammon

turbedly and alone. His sojourn at Rome, however, was lengthened by necessity—remittances failed him dreadfully, and, at last, suspicion began to point at this *sentimental stranger*. His recommendatory letters then stood him in much stead; they were to such as never patronise in vain—to the noble families of Conti, Doria, and Santa Cruza. By their countenance, much probable mischief was prevented. He, however, certainly rejoiced at his departure.

Money, without which, most of us go but an unpropitious journey, let our road be as it may, through life—money at last received, carried him on to

Naples. It may be some satisfaction to future travellers to be informed that Sterne lodged there at the Casa da Manoel, fronting the ocean. He had an introduction to Prince Cardito l'Offredo, who received him with his wonted politeness. Here he rested only three days.—Messina then received him. From Milan he pressed on to Venice, and returning by the way of Germany, he visited Vienna, Frankfort, Brussels, and, eager for home, made the best of his way. For those who may have visited Italy, Germany can have but few attractions any how.

Enough, no doubt, he might see, that forbade a near inspection; but the only surprising subject that has occurred to the writer through this tracement of his wanderings,

is, that he did not visit Le Grand Chartreuse, and yet Sterne's imagination was sublime and poetic; that place where Gray felt the

Præsentior et conspicuus DEUM.  
Per invias Rupes, fera per Juga  
Clivosque præruptos sonantes  
Inter Aquas NEMORUMQUE NOCTEM.

He passed, in his way from Lyons to Pont Beauvoisin, within a few leagues; but hurry or heedlessness carried him along without stopping.

His reflections here would, under his powers to adorn, have produced a charming picture of *melancholy man*, starving amid the plenteous prodigalities of Providence, and steeling his bosom against feelings that God and Nature ordained him to employ in softening the sorrows, and reciprocating the kindnesses of men, in *searching virtue—in active use*.

An excellent writer of the present day has, however, rendered the loss less lamented, by a treatment of the subject in a manner mixed up of piety and pathos.

#### NUMBER V.

ALAS! POOR YORICK!

SHAKESPEARE.

And it shall all apply. For would not any man who surveys the vulgar and the vain rising into fortune, without a sentiment that is not sordid, or a value that is not subserviency, exclaim *Alas!* upon the



little of the world's wealth, attained by the powers of Sterne?

*Poor*, who can more fairly appropriate? Ah! Yorick, thy poverty was as unquestionable as thy wit.

Travelling with a couple of coats, a *voiture* for his vehicle, and a drummer for his retinue, goes but slowly towards the confidence or the civilities of people, proud of their splendour and sedulous for state.—Embarrassments were many: money, never reckoned upon when benevolence or necessity opened the purse, was as easy of flight from him as others.—Oppressed with claims which the haughty hear and disregard, the prudent pass on and refuse to hear, and the philosopher answers with compassion when he has nothing else to give—no wonder Sterne's circumstances made him uneasy, so calculated as he was TO FEEL FOR ALL MANKIND.

As I have here set the boundary of these *memoranda*, let me hasten to add what few particulars remain upon memory unmentioned.

#### THE STARLING,

Who so pathetically tells the readers of his travels, 'that it could not get out'—never spoke but in *fancy's* *fabling* car. Valued, perhaps, from occurring sensation, Sterne consigned him to the care of La Fleur, who brought him safely over to Britain; 'but perhaps,' said La Fleur, 'he had forgot his note—

certain it is I never heard him speak.'

#### DEVOTION FOR THE SEX.

An assertion has been malevolently sent abroad under the sanction of Dr. Johnson's name, affirming Sterne to have been licentious and dissolute in conversation. If he were so, it must have been confined to his own country. The testimony of La Fleur stands thus far against the aspersion—"His conversation with women was of the most interesting kind," said he, 'he usually left them serious, if he did not find them so.

"During our travels, I do not pretend to say that he lived like an Anchorite, but it was absolutely a fact, that with the dissolute of the sex (who in other countries are somewhat more sought after than in our own) he never associated at all." How he mixed up the morality of his mind, God knows!—*Un entretien paramour* merely, he got through as well as he was able.

#### THE DEAD ASS.

was no invention—the mourner was as simple and affecting as Sterne has told. La Fleur remembers the circumstance perfectly.

Of that ludicrous story, which my readers will recollect by the mention of the *corking* *fun*, at which so many have smiled, and so many (I hope) have blushed—my fair countrywomen must be

told that the circumstances are not true.

TO MONKS

Sterne never exhibited any particular sympathy. La Fleur remembers several pressing in upon him, to all of whom his answer was the same.—*Mon pere, je suis occupe.— Je suis pauvre comme vous.*

Such are the *notitia* which I have collected together from a faithful affectionate follower of a writer in many respects inimitable. It may be said, they are not of much importance, by many—of none, perhaps, by *more*: The vulgar ever out-number the valuable. Some there are who will not reject my slender present, they who, with a great man, are happy to be told that ‘Milton fastened his shoes with latchets.’

All matter of amusement is comparatively alone of importance. He who would pass these mentions by, as of *insufficient moment* for the rambling reveries of airy speculation, may be no wiser or better a man than him, who follows with fond admiration in the *footsteps of erratic genius*. To the abstracted man of metaphysics, who doubts when he should feel, and prefers to *exercise of impulse the reasoning upon its cause*, what can I say but this—My employment, compared with his, is of higher moment. I have attempted to lead men to cultivate the sensibilities of nature, and the rewards of benevolence.—

He freezes the mind down to *apathy*, until, torpid and unassailable, it listens no longer to the language of love, or the fidelity of friendship, but, robbed of all confidence either in the *creature* or *creator*, sinks an insipid compound into equalizing dust, and believed annihilation.

If I have been read with attention, I am thankful; if with pleasure, I am proud; if any one acknowledge himself obliged by the communication, I may reasonably rejoice; if any feel their moral propensities strengthened, or their sensibilities awakened, I am happy—for that purpose have I written.

PALEMON.

THE SKETCH OF A FACT.

TO a void and unfeeling mind the richest objects of admiration pass unobserved or unadmired; but to the heart susceptible of sensibility, the smallest incident affords a boundless field for reflection, and opens a passage to the fanciful and unlimited sallies of imagination.

About the middle of June, on my return from the university of Oxford, though I had visited some of the most enchanting scenes of nature, as well as the mechanical wonders of art, my mind received the most permanent impression from an object, in itself the most trivial to appearance. Chance led me to Worcester, and as I walked



with a friend in the cloisters of the cathedral, a small tomb-stone in the western corner caught my eye, with only the single Latin word "*Miserrimus,*" *the most wretched of men*, inscribed on it. It is needless to mention the crowd of suggestions that at once arose on my mind; some souls can conceive more from a hint, than others can from the most florid description. I could not help exclaiming,

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
A heart once pregnant with celestial  
fire;  
Hands, that the rod of empire might  
have sway'd,  
Or wak'd to extacy the living lyre."

But my friend soon convinced me, by the short recital of a melancholy tale, that

"This wide and universal theatre  
Presents more woeful pageants than the  
scene  
Wherein we play."

What I shall relate, (says he) may perhaps convince you that the good are to look beyond this world for their reward; and it may serve to shew how small an incident may be the origin of the greatest events of a man's life. Though my tale may be destitute of the interesting adventures of fiction, I hope it will claim some attention when I assure you it has truth for its basis.

At a watering-trough on the road side near Hagley, one summer's afternoon, young Palemon stopped to water a little horse he rode. It happened also that an elderly gen-

tlemen was at the same instant engaged in the same act. Travellers dwell not on formal introductions; the old gentlemen was pleased with the open and innocent conversation of Palemon; and he, on the other hand, had every reason to be highly delighted with the affectionate behaviour of his aged companion. It may be sufficient to say, that as they were journeying to the same town, the old gentleman urgently invited Palemon to his house: he was the grandfather of Amelia. The since elegant and accomplished Amelia was then but a child, younger than Palemon. Together would they play, and indulge with temporary pleasure each puerile recreation; though they met and parted almost with indifference.

This acquaintance continued for some years, until Palemon, passing in his way to the University, stopped a few days at the house of his friends. He was now more than seventeen, and had made considerable progress in most of the polite arts, and took great delight in accompanying the voice of Amelia on the piano-forte; nor did her mental and personal improvement fail to gain its due influence over his heart; she had in her disposition and person every thing that was desirable in a partner for life. He now felt at his parting with her an unusual heaviness; and during the rest of the journey, was pensive and dejected; and if at any time she occurred to his thoughts, his mind became agitated and confu-

sed. The first ligatures of love are so slender, as to be scarcely perceptible, but on receiving the smallest encouragement, they become irresistibly strong.

I need not (continued my friend) detain you with intermediate circumstances. I could repeat to you their successive interviews for several years, replete with the most tender and interesting scenes, but I will be brief as possible. Was I to attempt to speak of the character of Amelia, or of her parents and family—the highest praises I could produce, would be inadequate to their merits. The records of hospitals and charitable institutions, the gratitude of the poor, and the voice of all their acquaintance, may better avail, than my poor efforts. Palemon, too, was a youth of unspotted reputation and admired accomplishments; nor were his merits unknown or unnoticed by Amelia or her parents. He was heir to a considerable estate, inferior to but few for the beauty of its groves, which, though small, possessed claims that larger ones were strangers to. Is it not singular, then, that such happy lovers should go uncrowned with the blessings of Hymen?

But I should have told you (continued he) that Palemon had a father, who, though very far from being an avaricious man, was yet a man of the world: he thought a handsome fortune was not to be rejected, whatever the mistress

of it might be, and however love might be concerned. He had permitted, and even encouraged, his son's acquaintance in this family, unmindful of any engagement of affections, for he had previously in view a more lucrative connexion for his son; but the instant he discovered the attachment, he forbade his son the house of his friend, on pain of being disinheritd. But love is not easily rooted out, much less transplanted. Palemon continued to visit privately, and correspond through the confidence of a friend; yet he was twice detected, and twice, on intercession, forgiven; but was threatened in the most solemn manner with deprivation of every acre of land, on his third revolt from duty. But love and danger ill suit the scales. He again visited the dear object of his heart, and was cut off from every shilling. She still loved him rather with augmented than diminished affection; and it is supposed would even have married him after his misfortune. But he always declared that he never would marry her if deprived of the power of making her happy. He might have been admitted into the family, but to receive favours that can never be repaid, is one of the hardest tasks of a generous heart.

About this time (says my friend) he formed the determination of seeking that prosperity abroad, which his country denied him. He went, but did not return for some years; indeed he was gen-



erally supposed to be dead ; when, to the astonishment of all, he returned with considerable property ; and, to his surprize, found his father had died, and had ordered, that if ever his son returned, his estates might be restored to him. Palemon, happy Palemon, elated beyond even the most sanguine hopes, instantly flew to his dear Amelia, and found her—in the arms of a wealthy citizen ! Imagine his sensations—I cannot describe them. He returned to his father's country seat, and pined awhile amid the scenes of youthful happiness, reflected on his former interviews of love—and laid down to die of a broken heart.

Towards his last moments he sent for me. When I came he was in bed. We had much conversation ; I told him he was still young, and might yet find another Amelia. He said it could not be—but desired me to look at his will ; he then uttered a short prayer, and laid down while I read it. I found he had left his principal property to Amelia. He desired I would fetch him her portrait, he said he would bequeath it to me as his last and best gift to his friend, it was in a drawer in his library. I went, and I may say as with poor Eugenia—he followed me with his eyes to the door, closed them, and never opened them more.

Here my friend paused. I think I saw a tear in his eye.

After a short interval he resu-

med his narrative. When I had paid the last tribute to the poor remains of Palemon, I hastened to Amelia : but I hastened to another scene of wretchedness. I was informed that her end was near ; that since the arrival of Palemon, she had refused every support of mind and body. The dejection of woe was strongly depicted on the face of every domestic. I feared for the worst, yet dared not make further enquiry. I entered the chamber of sorrow, but the cold hand of death had forever closed the eyes of Amelia, of—my Wife !

Good God ! your wife ! you the husband of Amelia ?

Yes, Sir, I was born to be unhappy ; but you may share the sweet blessings of felicity and love. Yet at some future day, in the mansions of joy and prosperity, cast sometimes a thought on my wretched life of penance and misery, and let some tender heart drop a tear at the recital of my woes : and when I am dead, let the word MISERRIMUS be inscribed on my grave.

*To the Ed. of the L. Miscellany.*

SIR,

I perceive a writer in your paper, who calls himself Lunatic, has assaulted the renowned authors of Salmagundi.—I have undertaken their defence for the following reasons :

First—I have lately had all my numbers of Salmagundi (which I carefully preserved as they came out) elegantly bound and lettered, and now that I have gone to this expence with the book, I am loth it should sustain any depreciation.

Second—I really, honestly, and universally differ from the Lunatic, for that whereas he has charged them with viewing the folks of this generation, and their fashions, through a jaundiced eye, I on the contrary am entirely persuaded that they have viewed them with the eyes of intelligent and candid observers of human nature. Though many of the admirable fictitious characters which they have drawn have been fixed upon some of the *notables* of the day, they have, however utterly disclaimed any intentional application. It is no small compliment in favour of the talents of those writers, that the characters they have exhibited have been so naturally drawn, as to make many imagine they were the very identical persons from whom the likeness was taken. The writers of Salmagundi have invariably appeared on the side of virtue, given all due laud to that portion which the Gothamites display. They have directed their exalted powers of wit and argument only against the frivolities of fashion, and the turplitude of vice—while it must be acknowledged that they have freely castigated our “odd, queer, and rantipole city,” it must at the same time be

confessed that it appears to have given much pain to their compassionate bowels.

SANITAS.

New-York, April 19. 1808.

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

THE LUNATIC.

No. 2.

It is a practice too common among writers, to condemn, without the least shadow of reason, many of the best and noblest qualities; and this, either because they do not immediately perceive their excellencies, or do not give themselves the trouble to examine them. This, however, is not impartial dealing; every position, which does not carry with it self-evidence of absurdity, is certainly worthy of our attention, and ought to be considered before it is rejected. If on due consideration it is found to be erroneous, or if the arguments adduced in its support be insufficient for that purpose, then we shall be justified in deciding against it. It is for these reasons I suppose, that impudence has so often been pronounced to be an unworthy quality, and has so often met with the reproof, and felt the lash of the satirist.

It is my intention in this and the following paper, to consider that very excellent quality—In doing which, I shall first endeavour to shew what impudence is, and then



point out some of the advantages of it. The celebrated Dr. Johnson, in his dictionary of the English language, has given the definition of it, which I shall here put down. He says it is a *want of modesty*. This I have always considered to be the true definition of impudence; and was therefore very much perplexed the other day when a lady told me that she had just seen one of the prettiest pieces of impudence that could well be imagined.—“And really,” says she, “I think a little modest assurance is, in a gentleman, a very commendable quality.” The wit and good sense of the lady gave me no reason to doubt that she had misplac’d words, or formed a new nomenclature for the occasion, and yet I was strangely at a loss to understand her meaning. Unwilling, however, to appear to be ignorant of what seemed to her to possess nothing uncommon in it, I continued the conversation in the same style we had been conversing, and resolved to investigate the subject when I should be more at leisure.

There seems to be such an evident contradiction in terms, in the phrase *modest assurance*, that it is impossible to reconcile them; for impudence, or assurance, and modesty, are in their meaning directly opposed to each other. The idea, I apprehend, must have arisen from the want of a sufficient discrimination between the appearance of modesty, and modesty itself. Nothing is more easy than to make

real impudence assume the appearance of modesty; and thus to give it such an air of uncommon pleasantness and freedom, that we may very well mistake the one for the other. This it is necessary to have recourse to, when an open, unblushing impudence will disgust, or displease; in this, however, it is not, that the impudenee has any mixture or degree of modesty in it, but is only made to assume that character, the impudence being as it were, put behind the modesty, which only is made obvious to the senses. The attention too, is in this way, withdrawn from one part of the action, and directed only to the other; so that even when the impudence is not so successfully concealed, yet it is apt to escape our observation. One would hardly say that an action was modest and immodest at the same time, for that would be such an evident absurdity, that no one of common sense could possibly believe it. I scarcely need observe to the reader that this apparent counterfeit character can in no degree change the real nature of the action. This must still be the same that it was before, whatever visible different appearance it may be made to assume. It is that the senses are deceived, and not that the real nature of the action is changed.

I must conclude, therefore, that this idea of a modest assurance is altogether erroneous; since it is plain that modesty cannot in the least partake of the nature of im-

pudence, or impudence be possessed of the least grain of modesty ; and that however impudence may affect the appearance of modesty, yet in truth it is impudence.

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

This is to inform Richard Fickle, Esq. of Y. U. that I am actually in possession of his last manuscript letter to Miss Susan H. of B. and that unless he the said Richard do speedily comply with the terms of my letter to him of the second instant, the said letter to Miss Susan H. will be published in the fourth number of these papers, for the benefit of all desponding lovers, to the latest posterity.

T. F.

*New-York, April 20.*

#### VARIETY.

##### ORIGINAL ANECDOTES.

A CERTAIN eccentric peasant a short time since solicited, and obtained employment at an Iron works in Sussex, N. J. The owner wishing to ride out, a few days afterwards, sent for his new workman, who immediately appeared : "John," said the owner, "go saddle and bridle my horse, and bring him up here as soon as possible." "Can one do it, sir," said John—"be sure," says the master, "well then, do it yourself, sir," replied John, and immediately walked off.

In Kentueky, the people are ve-

ry much in the habit of betting on almost every occasion, and generally resort to this custom to prove their argument. Not long since a man in that state lay at the point of death with a violent fever, his friends very much alarmed, sent a considerable distance for medical aid. On the physician's arrival, he at once discovered that any means he might make use of, would be unavailing, and frankly told his patient that it was unnecessary to do any thing, for he would be a dead man by nine o'clock, and then started to take his leave. The sick man, gasping for breath, and almost expiring, exerted all his remaining faculties, and called out, in a broken voice, "Doctor, doctor!" "Sir," answered the physician, ; "doctor, I'll bet an hundred dollars I'll live till ten."

In a place called Minisink, about seventy miles from this city, there is a dutch settlement, where, when any person dies, it is the practice to have a master of ceremonies, to deal out liquor at the funeral, which is generally done very profusely. Not long since, a very aged man, by the name of Vandemark, died ; who, in his life time had been uncommonly liberal in giving away liquor to his neighbours : so likewise at his funeral the practice of the deceased was kept up, and the bottle went around amongst the numerous attendants merrily. After they were pretty well inebriated, and just as they were about to move the corpse from the house,



the master of Ceremonies called out in an audible voice, "*stop once, joys, let's tak an udder drank, tis te last you will ever git of old Vandemark.*"

#### WELCH ODE TO THE WIND.

WIND of the firmament! of ready course, and strong of voice, in ranging far away! a terrible being art thou! uttering sounds most hoarse. The bravado of the world!—without foot or wing. It is a wonder how awfully thou hast been placed in the store-house of the sky, without any one support! and now how swiftly dost thou run over the hill! Tell me, my never-resting friend, of thy journey on some northern blast, over the dale. No one will stop thee, or question thee. Not an arrayed host, nor deputed hand!—Not the blue blade, nor flood, nor rain. Fire will not burn thee: thou wilt not be weakened by deceit: drown, thou wilt not! Thou wilt not get entangled, for thou hast no angle: the swift steed is not wanted under thee!—nor bridge over the stream, nor boat!—No catchpole can arrest thee! nor the power of a clan in thy day of triumph. Thou that winnowest the feathered tops of trees, no eye can ken thee on thy vast naked couch. A thousand shall hear thee, nest of the pouring rain. Thou art God's bounty along the earth, thou roaring and irritating breaker of the top of the oak. Thou shouter in the morn of day on high!—Thou waster of the

heap of chaff. Thou gruff of voice. Thou comest a tempest on the calm of the sea. Thou scatterer and heaper of the fallen leaves! Thou ruthless lord of the firmament, that flieth irresistibly over the bosom of the brine, to the extremities of the world! Storm of the hill, be above to-night: I go to see my love.

WHAT subject of human contemplation shall compare in grandeur with that which demonstrates the *tranjectories*, the *periods*, the *distances*, the *dimensions*, the *velocities*, and gravitation of the planetary system:—states the *tides*, adjusts the *nutation* of the earth, and contemplates the invisible comet, wandering in his *parabolic* orb for successive centuries, in but a corner of boundless space; which considers that the earth's diameter, of one hundred and ninety millions of miles in length, is but an *evanescent point* at the nearest fixed star to our system;—that the fit beam of the sun's light, whose rapidity is inconceivable, may be still traversing the bosom of boundless space! Language sinks beneath contemplations so exalted, and so well calculated to inspire the most awful sentiments of the GREAT ARTIFICER; of that wisdom which could contrive this stupendous fabric; that PROVIDENCE which can support it; and that POWER which could launch from its hand, bodies, of a magnitude so prodigious, into their orbits.

*July 1844*

DUKE DE ROQUELAURE.....One finds less union amongst women, than men; because they have all the same object—that of *pleasing*. Contempt shewn to their charms, is an offence never pardoned. It was one day told to the Duke de Roquelaure, that two ladies of the court had quarrelled, and very much abused each other. “Have they called one another *ugly*?” asked the Duke. “No.”—“Very well,” answered he, “then I will undertake to reconcile them.”

*Leaves*

How much beneath the dignity of rational and immortal beings, is the spirit and conduct of those who devote their days to the world, and their nights to pleasure; who forget, or have no hearts to offer an evening sacrifice to their daily Preserver and Benefactor; who, wearied with the immoderate pursuit of their earthly designs, yield to sleep without a previous thought of God and another world; and, when they arise, return to their pursuit, as thoughtless as while they slept; and thus from day to night, and night to day, tread the constant round of labor and of sleep as if this world were their only abode, and this life their only existence! It was a good man's prayer, “Deliver me from the men of the world, who have their portion in this life.”

Who can define the meaning of that poor monosyllable, *WIT*..... The usurer thinks it means cunning—the libertine supposes it to

consist in debauchery—and the young buck thinks it lies in breaking windows, and knocking down watchmen. The lawyer esteems himself a witty man when he quibbles—the collegian when he puns, and the fine lady when she scandalizes her neighbours. The humorist is never so witty as when he tells a lie with a grave face—nor the jockey as when he takes in a knowing one. In fact, there is no one word in the English language which admits of so many different meanings, nor respecting which, people have such contrary ideas; yet in this they have agreed in all ages, to mistake wit for wisdom.

The following circumstance lately occurred in Philadelphia:—A man was cited before a magistrate by his wife, whom he had ill-treated; but instead of contrition for his misconduct, he abused the justice, and threatened renewed violence, on his liberation. The magistrate, to punish and deter him from his purpose, ordered him to be let down into a dungeon, and there to spend the remainder of the night. In the morning his keeper called to him repeatedly, but receiving no answer, a man descended with a light, and found (shocking to relate) that he had been literally devoured by rats.

*Lon. pap.*

#### LOVE AND BEAUTY.

THE dazzling rays of beauty may affect us like a charm; but if they have nothing to support them, their



effects, like those of a fairy tale, will soon vanish. And when this delusive fascination slips from before our eyes, we shall find that we have been caught by a thing as light as air, without one single quality to fill the capacities of a sensible and liberal mind: for as beauty decays, the image it impressed wears out. True love is always disinterested, always constant. Those whose fortunes are nearly equal, have the best chance for happiness. But, unfortunately, in this age, few pursue it in matrimonial connexions; and Plutus carries more to Hymen's temple than Cupid.

From a London Publication.

A bad wife is found to be more profitable than a good one! for the latter only saves her husband's money, while the former brings him thousands, and takes herself off into the bargain.

At the funeral of a young lady who died lately at Brighton, the pall was to be supported by four virgins. By sending couriers to Lewes, Chichester, &c. the set was, with some difficulty, made up!

A parrot is at present in the possession of Lady Brokerton, seventy years of age, which talks as well as it ever did, and increases in noise as it does in years. The bird being a female, in some measure lessens the surprise.

A marriage-shop has, within

these few days, opened, under the title of "New and Original Grand Matrimonial Intercourse Institution." The patriotic proprietor engages, for the trifling subscription of *only* one shilling, to promote interviews between parties; and for a further reasonable compensation, to bind them in the marriage chain, without the trouble of a journey to Gretna-Green, or notwithstanding any of the *incompatibilities*.

#### TRUTH

Can never suffer from argument and inquiry; but may be essentially injured by the tyrannous interference of her pretended advocates. Impede her energies by the pains and penalties of law, and like the FAME of Virgil, she will creep along the ground, diminutive in stature, and shrunk with apprehension: give free scope to all her tendencies, and she will soon collect her might, dilate herself to the fullness of her dimensions, and reach the stars.

#### THE SCANTY WARDROBE.

A wag, not overstock'd with clothes,  
With waistcoat fine, or silken hose,  
Had but one coat.—"But one?" you cry:

'Tis fact, upon my verity:  
But, wishing to seem over neat,  
His wit supplied a quaint conceit,  
Each morn his man was heard to say,  
"What will your honour wear to-day?"  
"What wear to-day?—aye, that is true;  
"Why, it looks fine—well, *deush me ble*."

## A SPECIMEN OF EVASION.

A waiter once at tavern liv'd hard by,  
Who ne'er was known to give direct re-  
ply.

A buck of some conceit a wager laid  
He'd put a question which he'd not  
evade.

"Waiter, does Mr. — dine here to-  
day?"

"He din'd here, sir, I think 'twas yes-  
terday."

## THE QUIBBLE.

Some friends were met to take a social  
treat,

The plates before the fire were plac'd  
for heat;

Says Will to Ned, "a guinea I will bet,  
'as near as you I tell what plates are  
set,"

"Done," exclaims Ned; "I say fifteen,  
what you?"

"Fifteen," says Will, "and win your  
guinea too."

"Pooh, pooh," cried Ned. "That your  
bet's lost, 'tis clear,"

Retorted Will, "for I have guess'd as  
near."

IN concluding the sixth volume of  
our Miscellany we indulge the hope that,  
in measuring our performance with our  
promise, our readers will conclude that  
we are not altogether faulty. Many  
omissions may be obvious; we have,  
however, endeavoured to present that  
diversity so desirable in a work of this  
nature. From the fastidious we do not  
expect commendation; but we hope  
we may not be found to have deserved  
the censure of the judicious.

Our friends to whom we are indebted  
for a variety of communications, will be  
pleased to accept our grateful acknow-  
ledgements. Our estimable correspond-

ent the *Lunatic*, will confer on us a par-  
ticular favour by liberal communications  
for the miscellany. Lest we should be  
charged with "tyranny of the press" we  
were induced to give publicity to his re-  
marks on *Salmagundi*, although we con-  
fess our sentiments with respect to this  
work are entirely coincident with those  
of *Sanitas*. We shall cordially welcome  
the lucubrations of Mr. Fickle, and  
doubt not of their receiving not less re-  
spect from the public than they have  
from ourselves.

## MARRIED,

On Thursday the 14th inst. by  
the rev. Wm. Parkinson, Mr. C.  
F. Bunker, merchant, of Philadel-  
phia, to Miss Hester G. Storm,  
daughter of Thomas Storm, Esq. of  
this city.

On Thursday morning, the 14th  
inst. at St. John's church, by the  
rev. Mr. Barry, capt. Sam. Chris-  
tian, to Miss Eliza F. Lillebridge.

On Sunday evening, Mr. John T.  
Burnton, to Miss Harriet Snow,  
both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the  
rev. Dr. Mason, Mr. Hugh Walker,  
to Miss Agness Arnet, both of this  
city.

DIED, At Washington, Jacob  
Crowningshield, Esq. member of the  
House of Representatives of the U. S.  
from Massachusetts.

\*† We mentioned at the commence-  
ment of this volume, our expectation of  
receiving, from our city subscribers, one  
dollar in advance. This measure was  
intended to apply to those only who sub-  
scribed from that period. The greater  
number of our friends will therefore be  
respectively waited on during the ensu-  
ing week—and we trust that when they  
take into consideration the very consi-  
derable expense attending this publica-  
tion, they will the more readily liquidate  
our small accounts.



## POETRY.

*SYMPATHY.....TO DELIA.*

ENSHRIN'D on your bosom of snow,  
There's a sweet little cherub, my dear;  
'Tis Sympathy call'd, and we know  
It brightens Humanity's tear.

A gift the most lovely and fair,  
That Heaven on mortals bestows:  
It pilots the pilgrim of Care,  
Repulsive of sorrow and woes.

Poor pale-ey'd Distress I descried,  
And Merit on Misery's bed,  
By Opulence surly deny'd  
A scrap of superfluous bread.

Then I saw her dove-sembled descend,  
To succour poor pale-ey'd Distress;  
Benevolence sweetly extend,  
And Merit so wretched caress.

So dew-dropping dawns of morn  
Pervade Nature's mantle so dark,  
Rekindle o'er landscapes forlorn,  
Of light and of life the warm spark.  
**PERFECT.**

*AH, WHAT IS LIFE?*

AH! what is life, that thus, with anxious  
care,

For jocund health and length of days  
we sigh?

'Tis but to breath a pestilential air;  
'Tis but to "look about us and to die."

Can life no more? Affection oft I ween,  
Shall straw with blooming flowers the  
varied scene;

Shall mark the spot where Friendship's  
angel form

Invites to peace, and lulls the angry  
storm:

And Love of every thing shall Pain dis-  
arm,

With gayest wreaths adorn his rose-  
ate bowers;  
Shall bid more blythely move the  
laughing hours,  
And Care at distance mourn the potent  
charm.

Yes I will own there is a heaven below!  
My Evelina's smile can chace severest  
woe.

*ON HIS WIFE'S BOSOM.*

*By Dr. Doddridge.*

OPEN, open lovely breast,  
Lull my weary head to rest,  
Soft, and warm, and sweet, and fair,  
Balmy antidote of care;  
Fragrant source of pure delight,  
Downy couch of welcome night,  
Ornament of rising day,  
Always constant, always gay.

In this gentle calm retreat  
All the train of graces meet,  
Truth, and innocence and love,  
From this temple never rove.  
Sacred virtue's worthiest shrine,  
Art thou here—and art thou mine!  
Wonder, gratitude and joy—  
Blest vicissitude, employ  
Every moment, every thought—  
Crowds of cares are long forgot.

Open, open balmy breast,  
Angels here might seek their rest.

Cæsar, fill thy shining throne,  
A nobler seat I call my own;  
Here I triumph night and day—  
Spacious empire—glorious power—  
Mine of inexhausted store.

Let the wretched love to roam,  
Joy and I can live at home—  
Open, open, balmy breast,  
Into raptures waken rest.

The following lines are more than pretty ; the thought approaches the beautiful.

### THE WEEPING WILLOW.

Lost to all, by Hope forsaken,  
This lone bank shall be my pillow ;  
Joys no more these eyes awaken,  
While reclin'd beneath this willow.

Draw the dew from yonder mountain,  
Shed it on my weedy pillow :  
Borrow from the chrystal fountain,  
Pearly tears, O, weeping willow !

Sympathy's soft dew's descending,  
Though stolen from a watery billow ;  
Calm the grief that, now impending,  
Binds my brows with wreaths of willow.

Gentle zephyrs round me blowing,  
Wave thy branches round my pillow ;  
Murmuring streamlets softly flowing,  
Strive to wean me from the willow.

Nightingales, melodious singing,  
Bid me choose another pillow,  
Village bells say, as they're ringing,  
"Lovely maid, O, leave the willow."

'Tis in vain, for nought hath power  
E'er to charm me from my pillow ;  
Winds may whistle, storms may lower,  
But I'll stay beneath my willow.

The following song is addressed to an old Coquette, by O'Raffarty, an Irishman, who professes to be violently enamoured of her charms. We think it would have an uncommonly whimsical effect upon the stage, especially in the hands of Harwood. The words in *Italics* are to be given *aside*.

The sweet kiss of my dear—is like musty old hay ;  
Fal de ral, fal de ral, la.

She's as lovely as morning—a morning  
that's grey,  
With a fal de ral, &c.

Nature's sweet red and white in her  
countenance lies ;  
Fal de ral, &c.  
For she's white in her lips, and she's red  
in her eyes,  
With a fal de ral, &c.

Your look is just that which is majesty  
styl'd ;  
Fal de ral, &c.  
So awful—it frightens man, woman, and  
child,  
With a fal de ral, &c.

I'll wed you in church, just to shew my  
regard ;  
Fal de ral, &c.  
Then lovingly—bury you in the church-  
yard,  
With a fal de ral, &c.

### TO CHLOE.

By Peter Pindar, Esq.

FIVE thousand years have roll'd away ;  
And yet ten thousand blockheads say,  
"O, pleasure, thou'rt the devil ;"  
While nature bids them joy embrace,  
They fling the blessings in her face ;  
Now this is most uncivil.

But I'm not one of those, (thank heav'n)  
Ingratitude was never given  
To my good heart, I'm sure ;  
Would Chloe yield a thousand kisses,  
Upon my knees I'd seize the blisses,  
And beg a thousand more.

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